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MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG

CHAPTER I.

The Prophecy. house in the valley under the Jura for was the story she liked to tell.

Lucie, and you, Pierre, and Marie the long underground corridors where and get away. Only the mother of Tomas. Francois was the older-not be torn in pieces, except always the that mischief was brewing. When the quite three years old. The mother had governor. gone to care for your Aunt Lucie, who For years things went on in this the table and out through the open was ill, and I kept the house for your father. It was the year of the great ants, and the glant dog guarding him in the great entry watching him race conscription, when the emperor took and his treasure, till at last there came across the field toward the church. He diplomatic missions; after saving the Ratisbon." all the men to fight, not only the a thunderbolt-the governor was sent veered but once in his straight pathstrong ones, but the boys, and the old for to come to Rome to give an ac- to turn to the Prilpoteaux cottage. loo, Napoleon had chosen him as one and infirm, if they might but drag count of the riches which he had kept where the gilder lodged while in Victhemselves at the tall of a regiment. from the emperor. He had to go, but ques. So the few men who were not under he left the dog in charge, and the night the flag were sorely needed by their after he was gone the peasantry gath- there again?" he asked through the families, for it was necessary, if the ered and set fire to the chateau and window of Auguste Philpoteaux sitwomen and children were not to burned it to the ground, and the dog ting at his dinner, and the man anstarve, that some should stay to work and the treasure were buried in it, swered good-naturedly: in the fields. Your father was of the and there they are to this day. The "It may be in half an hour, my boy, few who had escaped in our village of people of Vicques believe that if a Not sconer." And Francois raced on Vicques.

the village and said that Napoleon exactly a colossal dog will rise from tables and were gathering in groups would pass this way within a few the ruined stones and come, breathing down the street, but the elders paid

'for me and for the bables. Courage.' self. "And at that your father, who was not think.

opened.

"It opened, that door there, and he spoke in a kind voice, half smiling. backward and rolled on the grass.

'Madame,' he said, 'will you let us

gentlemen as I had been taught, and I Francois smiled; then laughed with found myself saying quite easily to his assurance of the other's friendliness growled. "If he looks down he is lost; together. majesty the emperor, as easily as if I up into the strange man's face. He the lad is a born here or a born lunatalked to Monsleur le Cure, to whom got to his feet and stood. I was accustomed, that he was wel- "No, m'sieur," he said politely. "I come; that I would serve him gladly was only pleased at thinking what I if he wished to command me. And am going to be some day." then I left them. I went into the kitchen and began to get dinner, but magnificence it is that you are to be?" I was so dazed that I could not seem to make the soup as usual. When, Francois answered in his courageous, suddenly, I heard a child cry, and with | courteous way. "I shall one day be a no thought then but of my bables, I 'marshal of France under another flew to the door of the great room and | Bonaparte." stood looking, for I could not pass the

sentinel. ficers looked at him and laughed. The child, sleeping in the farther room, had waked at the voices and had climbed down from his crib and toddled out to see. The glitter of the uniforms must have pleased him, and as they all bent over the papers on the table he had pulled at the sword of one whom I afterward knew to be the great Marshal Ney. He wore a dark coat all heavy with gold lace, my children, and white pantaloons and high shining black boots, and across his breast a scarlet ribbon. He sat next the emperor. The marshal, turning sharply at the tug, knocked the little ons over. It was then Francois cried

"Napoleon himself who spoke as I peered under the sentinel's arm. He shook his finger at his officer,

"'Marshal Marshal,' he cried, 'are you not too quick to overthew so young a soldier, so full of love for arms?

"The emperor seemed to joke, for sound in his voice as if some part was serious. He turned sharply to the like those; you may get your father mayor. 'What is the child's name?'

sire,' he answered tremblingly.

'Make him kneel,' he said. 'Marshal, the marshal." your sword.'

"It was still for a moment, and all the officers stood up alicant, and then the emperor took the marshal's sword and struck the baby's shoulder a light blow with the flat of it.

"'Rise Cheralier Francois Beaupre.' he said clearly, and in the pause he done, and it was an event in the viladded, with a look in his eyes as if lage. Moreover, it was dangerous, and, were far down the street. one gazed forward: 'Some day, per- like all dangers, fascinating. haps, a marshal of France under another Bonaparte."

CHAPTER II.

The Stranger.

kicked his heels, and thought of his | Francois would not dare climb that | Vicques and its lands to general the | the town and that bridge. Marshal | iron bars. brilliant future, and also of the story ladder to the ball. Dare you?" mountains. The grandmother, sitting had great granaries to hold the grain courage failed. white-capped in the center of the hub- which the governor tortured from the others, for not only was Francois her he grew rich by oppression, and the easy mass, and there was whispering. best loved, but also the story he asked gold wrung from the people he piled in At the dinner-hour that day several that greater mountain called Le Rai- be under fire from the Austrians on cellars deep in his castle. When it mothers of the village remarked that Smiling, the grandmother began: came to be a great amount he sent far their small lads were restless, not in- Jura range. "You must know, my children, that it to the north and got a huge dog, and tent as usual on the black bread and was on a day in the month of May, in this dog he trained to a terrible fierce- the soup of chopped vegetables and

man will go to dig that treasure and By this time a boy here and a boy "One morning a man appeared in will stay till midnight, that at twelve there had stolen from their dinner "Outside I heard the neighbors call of the treasure-vault, and back of him to the church; the boys began to grow ing the same two words-'Napoleon will stand the ghost of the Roman gov- breathless. comes'-one called it to another. If ernor wrapped in white, his face covthe trumpet of the angel sounded the ered. And if the man will be bold stairs," one said, and they walted. end of the world, they could not have enough to take the key from the flam- Two minutes, three, perhaps five;

Francols considered, and, feeling no ward. Henri Dufour, below in the my little lad once, you know, my dears, fear in his soul, decided that he was street, jumped as a hand gripped his had gone, and I stood with an ache the man destined to take the key out arm. He looked up frightened at La where my heart should have been, and of the dog's mouth and get the treas. Claire. for a moment I was stupid and could ure, which he would at once transfer intact to his mother. He had no need ed sternly, but the boy did not need to "As I stood so, like a blow there was for treasure; there were things more answer. a rush of galloping horses in a shower important. It was for him to become heart stopped, for the horses drew up said so; it must be so; but he should ous warning and stood silent, afraid to snatched the match from a mass of It is that of which you must think till the door. of noise down the street, and my a marshal of France. Napoleon had from the cottages as at some mysteriat this house. So that I was still in like, on the way to this goal, to face breathe, watching the little figure the middle of the floor when the door the dog and take the key and give his creeping up, up the dizzy narrowing

mother the treasure. bright colors, and swords hung at their self on the palms of his hands and of the whole village. sides, and on their heads were hats kicked out lightly over the abyss. As with trimmings of gold. Then I saw he kicked there was a sudden strong knot of peasants; his voice was abrupt -Napoleon. With a step toward me grip on his shoulder; he was jerked and commanding.

use this room and this table for an then?" a strident voice demanded, and the Francois Beaupre, my seigneur; it I am not a boy. But I do not wish to hour? You shall not be disturbed in Francois lay on his back and regarded. is a child who has no fear; he is al- be a boy, father. I would then grow "I made my courtesy to these great face of a big man standing over him. he descends."

"Ah! Is it permitted to ask what "Certainly it is permitted, m'sieur," and excited broken sentences.

The stranger watched him, aston-"Among the officers in their uni- slim shoulder in its homespun blouse, forms there lay on the floor little Fran- and his grave voice was gentle. "My cois in his night-dress, and all the of- child, be careful how you say words



he laughed a little, yet there was a "Rise, Chevaller Francois Beaupre!"

into trouble. It is a good belief to "The mayor was our friend and keep in one's heart, and you and I may knew the bables. 'Francois Beaupre, yet shout 'Vive l'Empereur' for a Napoleon again. Yes, who knows? But The emperor gave a short nod. I must go on. Good day, my friend.

CHAPTER III.

Without Fear. The gilder was at work gilding the great ball on top of the church steeple. Every twenty years this had to be

The boys of Vicques stood in groups in the street with their heads bent man that crept up an invisible ladder | God has saved your life from a very steeple. Up and up it went, like a fly, have made a friend. It is the new ladders, father," On an afternoon in July in the year crawling on the fleche, and there was seignour." of 1820, Francois, being ten years old a sinking feeling in each boy's stomand a dreamer, came alone through ach which was delightful, to think how the gate and eat down with his short at any moment that creeping black legs dangling over an ancient wall, spot which was the gilder might fall

voices floated shrilly out into the gar- time of Caesar, fifty years after Christ, ed eagerly for his answer. It was alfrom the great entry of an old farm- ince had built a formidable castle on gerous places; always this one who this hill outside the village. The castle went a bit further when the others'

slim, wiry, little figure slipped from almost in boyhood-for the Cross of the great stone barn which had cov way, the governor grinding the peas- door, she rose and followed and stood at twenty-four-after service in the was wiped out-fifty men wiped out. It

"How soon will one be at work up

flames; in his mouth will be the key no attention. Francois disappeared in-

"It will take some minutes for the had more fear. Then your father ing mouth, then dog and governor will something tose out of the trap-door kissed me, and kneeled and held you, vanish in a clap of thunder, and in leading to the platform from which the Francols, and Tomas, in his arms, and front of the daring one will rise the steeple sprang-a figure, looking very I saw tears, but he was brave—but door of the treasure-vault, and he may small so far up above them. Instantly yes. 'Courage, little mother,' he said, turn the key and go in and help him- it attached itself, like a crawling fly. to the side of the steeple; it moved up-

"Is that my Francois?" she demand-

With that, by degrees people came peak of the church steeple. A rider In the galety of the thought, and galloped down the road; seeing the against the light I saw men crowding feeling both ambitious all but accom- groups, he pulled in his bay horse and in the entry. They were uniforms of plished by this decision, he lifted him- his eyes followed the upward glance

"Who is it?" he hung at the heare.

The men pulled off their caps, and "Are you tired of life at this age one answered respectfully: "It is lit- comrade-like. "I know the fault I have, wondering, at ease, the bronzed lined most at the top, but we dread it when to be a great fierce person with a mus-

"Mon dieu!" the man on horseback

The crawling spot up there showed the library. dark in the sunlight against the new gilding of the ball. It stopped; the blot was fixed for a second; another second. From the crowd rose gasps.

"He has the vertigo! He is lost!" The dark blot clung against the gildto make a slow way downward, and a help me with my writing." long sigh, like a ripple on water, ran spoke; all the eyes watched the little the hand Francois. figure slip down, down the unseen ladder in the air. At last it was at the door. Every one began to talk volubly at once; a woman cried for joy, then a

child spoke in a high voice. "See," she said shrilly, "the mother of François goes to meet him!"

Le Claire was far down the street, gliding toward that church door reached it the little lad came out, his a good present." face flushed, his eyes shining with exhand silently, hardly looking at him, of either joy or reproof, her face imand those first moments were beyond asked him to make. words or embraces. To touch his warm bay horse, trotting slowly along, saw Francois started-but not Alixe. the meeting.

"It is a woman out of the common, his mother did not hold.

"Sacre bleu!" he flung back in his am at your service." strong sudden voice. "It is my friend, It was natural to Francois to believe with death, eh? Nom d'un chien! You general's speech. have a star of good luck-you are

"M'sleur the Marshal," he flung at Francois. "Come and see me in the chateau.

There was a clatter of galloping "Who is it, my mother-the fierce fight-of just one!"

gentleman?" Francois asked. "You are fortunate today, Fran-

CHAPTER IV.

Coming to His Own.

of the great dog and the treasure. The The great brown eyes of Francois had before then fashioned into a very my children, the walls were very old and he shivered violently. "Ugh!" His Half a dozen high, little French tradition ran that ages back, in the turned about the group; the boys wait- good pattern of a soldier out of mateden, on a sunshiny morning of 1820 a Roman governor in this Gallic prov- ways this one who led into the dan- Vicques lay in the Valley Delesmontes An old ditch lay under the walls, a not like those dreams; they make me "I dare," said Francois. Then the chief city of this valley of the Jura. that town it was necessary to go down tables for supper-carrots and peas. I bub, heard one more willingly than the peasants and sent to Rome to sell. So dark heads came together in an un-

> the Legion of Honor had come to him ered them, and each time the detail emperor's life at Moscow; after Water-



"Come and See Me in the Chateau."

later have blown up both officers and which you must give your life for." emperor.

one. Alixe," he said, as he swung her high to kiss her. "You are-" "I know," the little girl interrupted,

tache-like you. Imagine me, father,

"Father, father!" Alixe dashed into

"There is a queer, little, village boy -but a good boy, father. He has brought you a bunch of lettuce-such white fat lettuce! Will you see him? He is a very good boy."

"Alixe, you are impayable," the general groaned. "I am your plaything! ing. Then suddenly it moved, began Yes, send for all the village-that will

Alixe, ignoring sarcasm, had flown. ished, and then he laid his hand on the through the ranks of people. No one In a minute she was back and led by

"Ah!" the general greeted him sternly. "My friend, the marshal! You bottom; it disappeared into the trap- have already begun the attack on my chauteau, it seems?"

"No, my seigneur," the boy answered gravely. "Not yet. I bring you some salade as a present. It is from my mother's garden. I chose the best." "I thank you," said the general with seriousuess. "I am not sure if your which was under the steeple. As she mother will thank you equally. It is

François was gratified. Le Claire citement and triumph. She took his had this morning sent him to the gardens with a wide margin of time, and and turned so, quietly, without a word the inspiration had come as he looked down the gleaming row of white let passive. She had got her boy again tuce that he would take a tribute and from the dead, it seemed to Claire make the visit which the seigneur had

General Gourgaud brought down his hand was enough. The man on the fist on a table so that it rattled and

"Sabre de bois!" he threw at the two children. "You have ruined my that one," he spoke aloud. "She rules morning between you. I meant to finherself and the boy." And the boy ish those cursed chapters this mornlooked up as he came and smiled and ing. But let them wait. Having the tugged at his cap with the hand which | honor to receive a visit from an officer of high rank, the least I can do is to "Good morning, m'sieur," he said entertain him. What amusement do churchyard of "the immortal names" with friendliness, and the rider stared. you prefer, M'sieur the Marshal? 1

the marshal. Was it you, then, glued every one kindly; he accepted with up there? Yet another fashion to play simplicity, if with slight surprise, the "The seigneur has fought battles un-

saved for something great, it must der the great emperor himself?" the boy asked in an awed tone, "Yes," came the abrupt answer.

"Think!" whispered the French boy. "To have fought under the emperor!" And the old soldier's heart thrilled bed suitor of Bella Wilfer's sister Lahoofs; the bay mare and her rider suddenly. The child went on, "If the vinia. "Young Plight," whose wages seigneur would tell me a story of one were 15s a week, is elaborately de- without gaining the modern Russian

"Ratisbon, Ratisbon!" clamored Affixe, and she scrambled over the arm | veying clerk, chancery clerk, every reback, watching the tiny figure of a cois," Claire answered him. "The good of his chair to her father's knee and finement and department of clerk, of her hand went around his neck. "Tell Mr. Mortimer Lightwood, Solicitor." far in the air, lashed to the side of the great foolishness, and also I think you about Ratisben and the ditch and the Dick Swiveller's "The Marchioness,"

not a week to talk. But I will tell teel, and furthermore indicative of about Ratisbon if you wish,"

bon and the bridge across the Danube well known Sophronia, the wife, name- every wrong thing I don't to you

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MERRILL CO. called Le Rose, behind Le Rose loomed | the walls, and all the time one would rots." meu; back of Le Raimeu rolled the the walls-do you understand that, thumb, watched as the boy disapchildren? Very well. Twice the mar- peared. Then, to the general's aston-The Baron-General Gourgaud, taking shal asked for fifty volunteers to take ishment, she began to sob. "I-I don't possession of the chateau in this the ladders and place them in the know," she answered his quick questhe year 1813, that he came. You. ness, so that anyone coming near in the green beans-all anxious to finish month of July, thought it lucky he had ditch. Twice one hundred men sprang tion. "But I-I think it is because I not seen this domain of his before, forward, and it was necessary to am sorry the little boy was so cold." were not born, only Francois and he guarded the treasure was sure to Francois, however, reasoned from this else the vision would have turned his choose the fifty. Twice they dashed heart from his duty. After a full career out, carrying the ladders, from behind

> "The emperor!" Francois breathed "the emperor was there!"

Probably nothing, which had not to touched General Gourgaud as did that tribute.

and volla, he loves him." The child's face flushed. "But yes,

my seigneur," Francois spoke quickly.

sincere interest.

do not know the law-I am a soldier. them, which delayed the sale. Yet by my idea you are chevalier, created so by the act of the most powerof three officers to go with him to St. may come when, as the emperor said. and the money in his pocket he felt a Helena. The chateau and estate of you may be a marshal of France under sense of leisure and of wealth. Hun-Vicques had been given to him by the another Bonaparte. But that is a gry as a wolf he felt also, and he emperor after that brave and lucky small thing if the time comes when turned into the inn of Delesmontes. moment at Moscow when, the first you may help another Bonaparte to where the sign of a huge bear, cut out man to enter the Kremlin, he had come to his right, to rule over France of tin and painted black, swung before gunpowder which would a moment the hour strikes, and then it is that

Little Francois, the visionary, the even his mother, broke forth, "My seigneur, a strange thing happens sometimes-I have dreams-yet they are not dreams-in broad daylight. I see things-I hear voices-which are not of our village. Three times I saw a long road up a mountain, and over the mountain was a large star. I saw with a mustache," and the two laughed it three times, and once a voice said 'It is the star of the Bonapartes, but also . your star, Francois. Follow it."

The general was a hard-headed person for all his cult of Napoleon, and vision-seeing appeared to him nonsense. He pooh-poohed at once the idea of a star divided between the house of Bonaparte and a small peasant. "Your mother had better put a wet cloth in your cap," he advised. 'Parbleu-seeing stars in midday! Some one-legged old fighter has been gabbling before you about the star of the Bonapartes, and that and a touch of sunstroke in this heat, it may be, have turned you silly. Let me hear no more of stars, but keep at your lesson and learn to be-"

With that he was aware that the boy did not hear him. The light figure was on tiptoes-the large eyes stared at the wall, and the child spoke in an uninflected voice as if something muffled spoke through him.

"I see the star," he said. "I see it pay. through a window where there are



rial left over from the old aristocracy. there was infantry on the parapets. vaguely. "It is like an icehouse. I do -"of the mountains"—a league from large ditch, dry, but twenty feet high so cold. Seigneur, it is late; my moththe little city Deleamontes, whose six and fifty feet wide. All the bottom of er will not be pleased. And I must thousand inhabitants constituted it the it was a vegetable garden. To take stop at the garden and pick the vege-

Little Alixe, clutching her father's

CHAPTER V. A Game of Cards.

Francois Beaupre-Le Francois of Spanish and Austrian campaigns and was like that, my children, the fight at Vicques-sober, laborious, had in him a certain pig-headedness, and also a vein of the gambler which had swollen with use; yet because it had so far brought him only good luck the neighlo with his daughter, could have bors called this good judgment. He was a dealer in working oxen; he bought and raised and sold them, and "Sapristi!" he growled. "The arm only his wife knew what chances he of the little corporal reaches a long often took in buying young beeves. It way. The child has not even seen him. was a simple solid form of speculation.

yet it was that. On a day in September he left Vicques early in the morning to drive to But yes. I have seen the emperor" the market in Delesmontes, a league "You have seen Napoleon?" The distant, two pairs of oxen which he general was surprised. "How is that?" had bought as calves for almost noth In a boyish fashion, in homely lan- ing from poor stock out of a farm guage of his class, yet with that dra- lengues away. He had fed and trained matic instinct which is characteristic- and cared for them till now they were ally French, Francois told his tale as all well set-up and powerful and his grandmother had told it to him and smooth-working-ready to sell for a to his brothers and sisters-the tale good price. At the market he found which the children called "Napoleon that there were few oxen to be dis-Comes." The general listened with a posed of, none which compared to his. and his ideas of value went up-he "My boy," he addressed the lad, "I would get nine hundred francs for

So it came to be, by the time his bargain was closed, three o'clock in ful monarch who ever ruled France- the afternoon, and he had had no dinby our Emperor Napoleon. The time ner. With the cattle off his hands

A waltress approached him-a sommelliere-trim in her short calico skirt and white apron, her hair done in the pound and I would try it before I would four years after that his wife had died, it, my seigneur," he said, frightened yet four years after that his wife had died, and the daughter she left was now a girl of seven, a fairy type of girl.

"You are perfect in every way but secret which he had told no one, not many words, caught sight of Francois."

"Inspired, lifted into a tremendous dizgo a man just coming in knocked against her, and apologizing with many words, caught sight of Francois.

"Good day!" he saluted him heartily. Francois, friendly always, answered did not recall the man. "You don't not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. remember me? That is natural, for | Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the we met but once. Yet I have not for | virtue to help these women it will help gotten you. It was at the house of my cousin, Paul Noirjean of Devillier." | like manner?

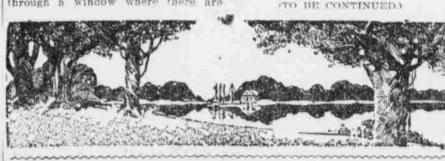
Now Paul Noirjean was an old acthough Beaupre did not see him often, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable living six leagues away, he respected | Compound. him highly. A cousin of his was to be considered, and Francois was embarrassed that his memory could not focus on the meeting. He tried to cover this with cordiality, and invited the stranger to share his meal,

"Not at all, not at all," the other answered. "Yet we must have a bottle of wine together, but it shall be my bottle.

Francois objected; the man insisted At length: "See, we will play cards for that bottle," the unknown man suggested, and the cards were brought, and a game of La rams-euchre-was in progress in two minutes.

Meanwhile the wine had come, and Francois, a touch more generous and more cordial for it, was genially sorry when he won and the stranger must

CTO BE CONTINUEDO



NAMES THAT DICKENS USED reputable Mr. Lammle. - Correspon

Carved on English Tombstones, They Recall the Works of Great Author.

The happy discovery in Chalk of Twist, Flight and Guppy reminds has earned its title of mother of cities. me that some years ago in Bunhill Its far stretching monastery of Petch-Fields cemetery I noticed on some erskaya Lavra is one of the wonders tombstones not far apart from one of the world. With many a church which appear in "The Old Curlosity Shop;" Oram, the name of the undertaker in "David Copperfield;" and rock every year come pilgrims from Blight and George Sampson, names all over Russia to worship at the securring in "Our Mutual Friend."

scribed as being "managing clerk. junior clerk, common law clerk, conwhom he named "Sophronia Sphinx," "Halt!" ordered the general. "I have as being "a name euphonious and genmystery," is known to everybody. In get drunk." The deep voice stopped, then went "Our Mutual Friend," however, there on again. "The Austrians held Ratis figures a much less distinguished and quite comfortable and secure, and Achille Dufour suggested, "Even poleon had given the new chateau of river. The emperor wished to take ly, of "the ginger whiskered" and dis-

dence London Times.

Historic City of Kiev.

Kieff or Kiev, scene of the great 'ritual murder" trial, is the earliest seat of Christianity in Russia. As the most ancient capital of the empire it another the following names: Sarah and chapel and innumerable monkish Brass, Garland and Sophronia, all of cells within its high wall, the "city of caves" forms a town by itself. To the catacombs cut out of the solid shrines of the saints who came years George Sampson is the much snub- ago from Byzantium. But Kieff is not a typically Russian city. It has lost its early Byzantine character

> Medals for What They Don't Do. "Dear me," said the potentate, "who are those people and what is the mean ing of their enormous badges?"

"Prince," was the reply, "they are members of a temperance society and their badges signify that they never

The prince frowned. "If I wore a big badge," he said, "for

Corporation Footballs. Mayor Mitchel of New York was praising a commuter who, by continual complaints, had improved the rall-

way service of his district. "We are apt to call the kicker a crank and a nuisance," said Mr. Mitchel. "But it's the kicker who gets,

things done for the community." He smiled and ended: "They who never kick are but too

apt to become footballs." Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle. to

Foriorn Objects.

ruins,

"There is something pathetic about a deserted house that has fallen into

"Yes, indeed. And sometimes a pair of discarded suspenders will move a sentimental person to tears."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invig-orate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Or Hears From Her.

"He says that when he makes up his mind to do a thing he goes and does it." "He means that when his wife

makes up his mind to do a thing he

goes and does it."

contiguous."

Worms expelled promptly from the human system with Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot." Adv.

Boston Slang. "Good joke, ch? Are you next?" "Yes," said the Boston man, "I'm

Water in blumg is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

In Oregon the law fixes a minimum

wage of \$9.25 a week for adult women **WOMAN REFUSES**

OPERATION Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pink-

Compound. Logansport, Ind. - "My baby was over a year old and I bloated till I was

ham's Vegetable



a burden to myself. I suffered from female trouble so I could not stand on my feet and I felt like millions of needles were pricking me all over. At last my doctor told me that all that would save me was an operation, but

this I refused. I

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Comsubmit to any operation. He did so and I improved right along. I am now doing "I hope other suffering women will try

told my husband to get me a bottle of

your Compound, I will recommend it to all I know." - Mrs. DANIEL D. B. "Good day, Monsieur Beaupre," and Davis, 110 Franklin St., Logansport, Ind. Since we guarantee that all testimo-"Good day," but with a reserve, for he | nials which we publish are genuine, is it

any other woman who is suffering in a If you are ill do not drag along until quaintance and a solid man, and an operation is necessary, but at once

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter wil be opened, read and answered by a woman



inflammation and quietsthat agonizing pain. Don't sub-it pene-

Kills Pain gives quick relief from chest and throat affections. Have you tried Sloan's? Here's what others say: Relief from Rheumatism
"My mother has u ed oue 50c, bottle
of Sloan's Liminent, and aithough she
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